STAR BLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 183

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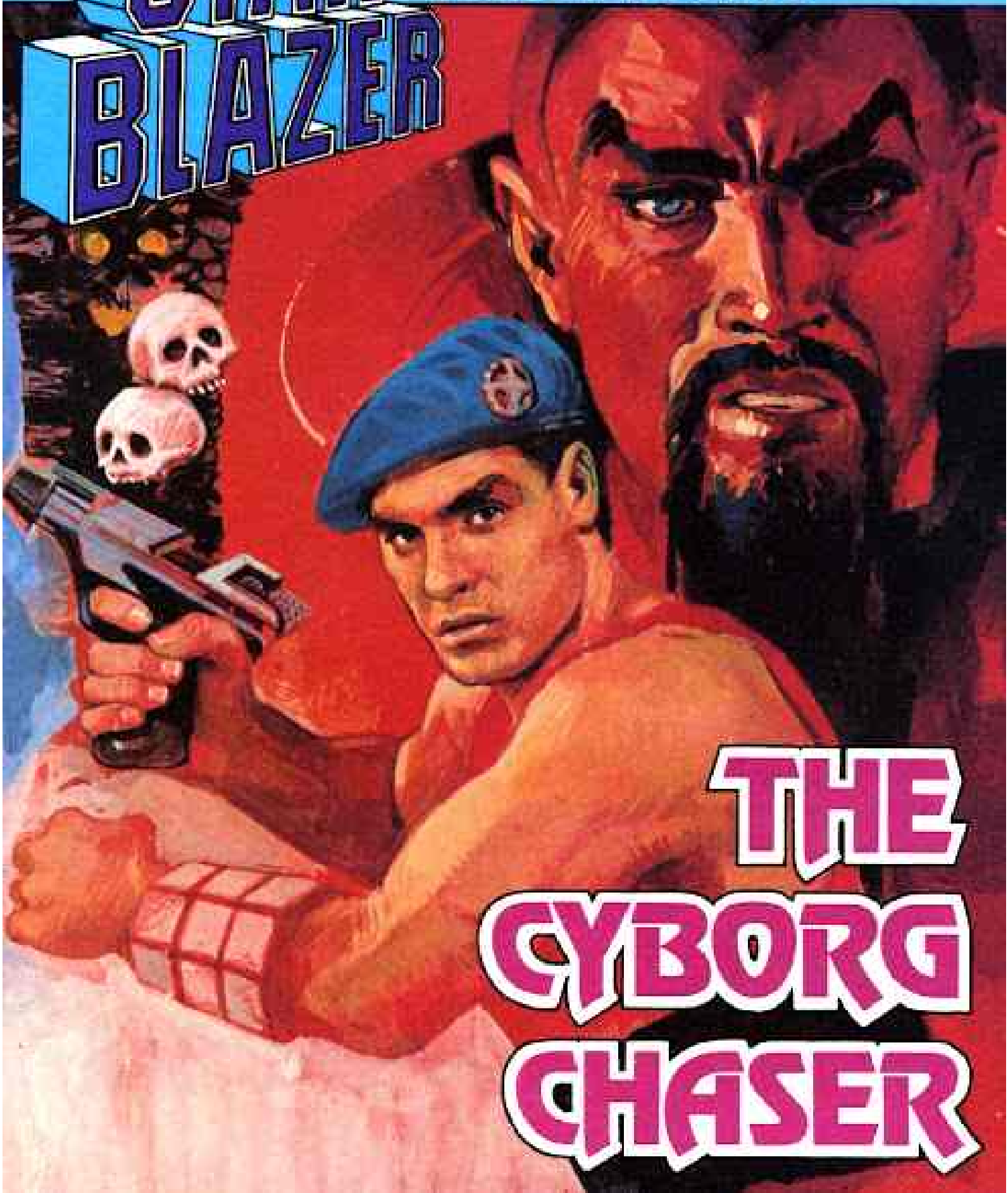
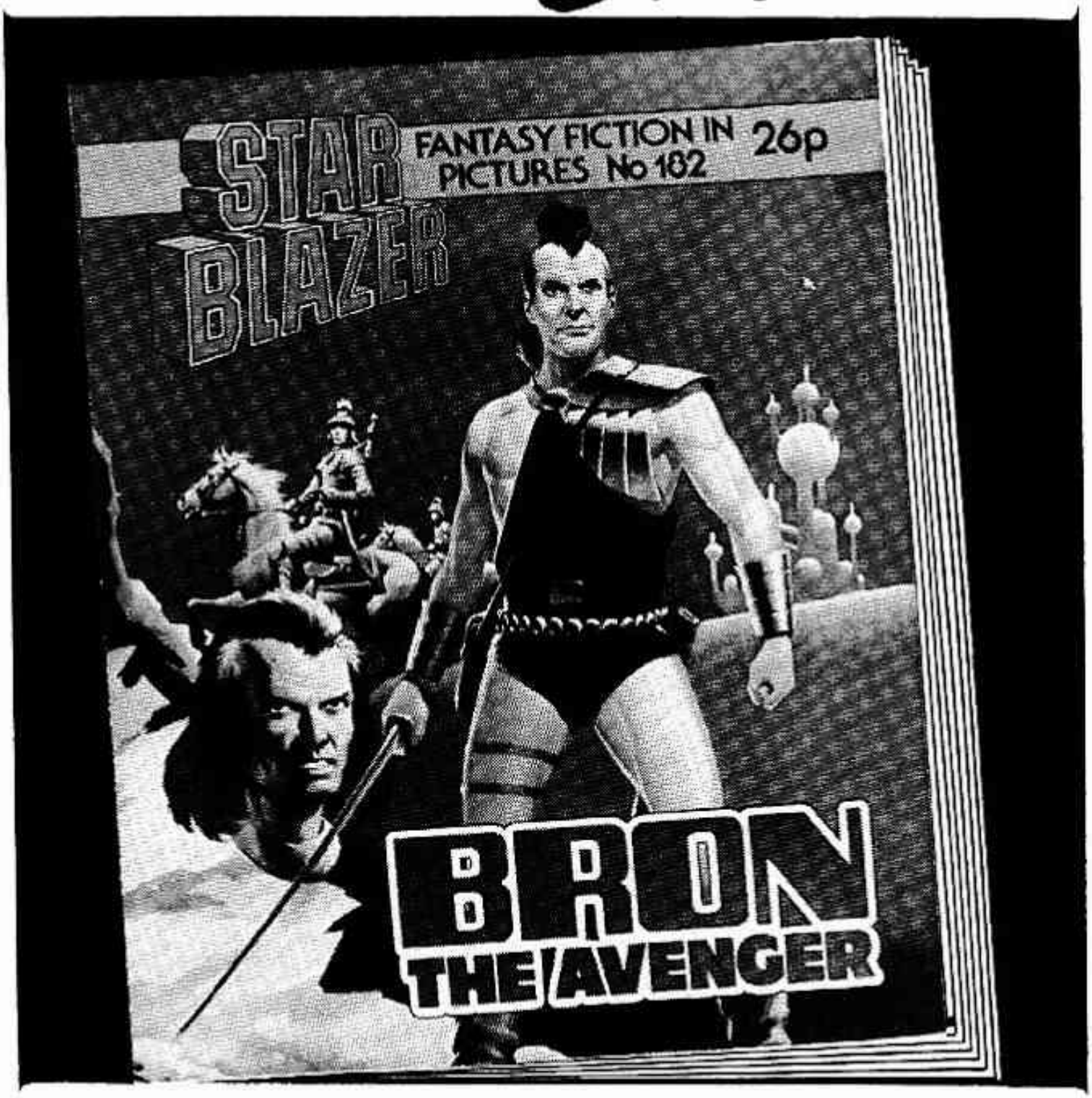


THE CYBORG CHASER

DON'T FORGET THIS MONTH'S *OTHER*

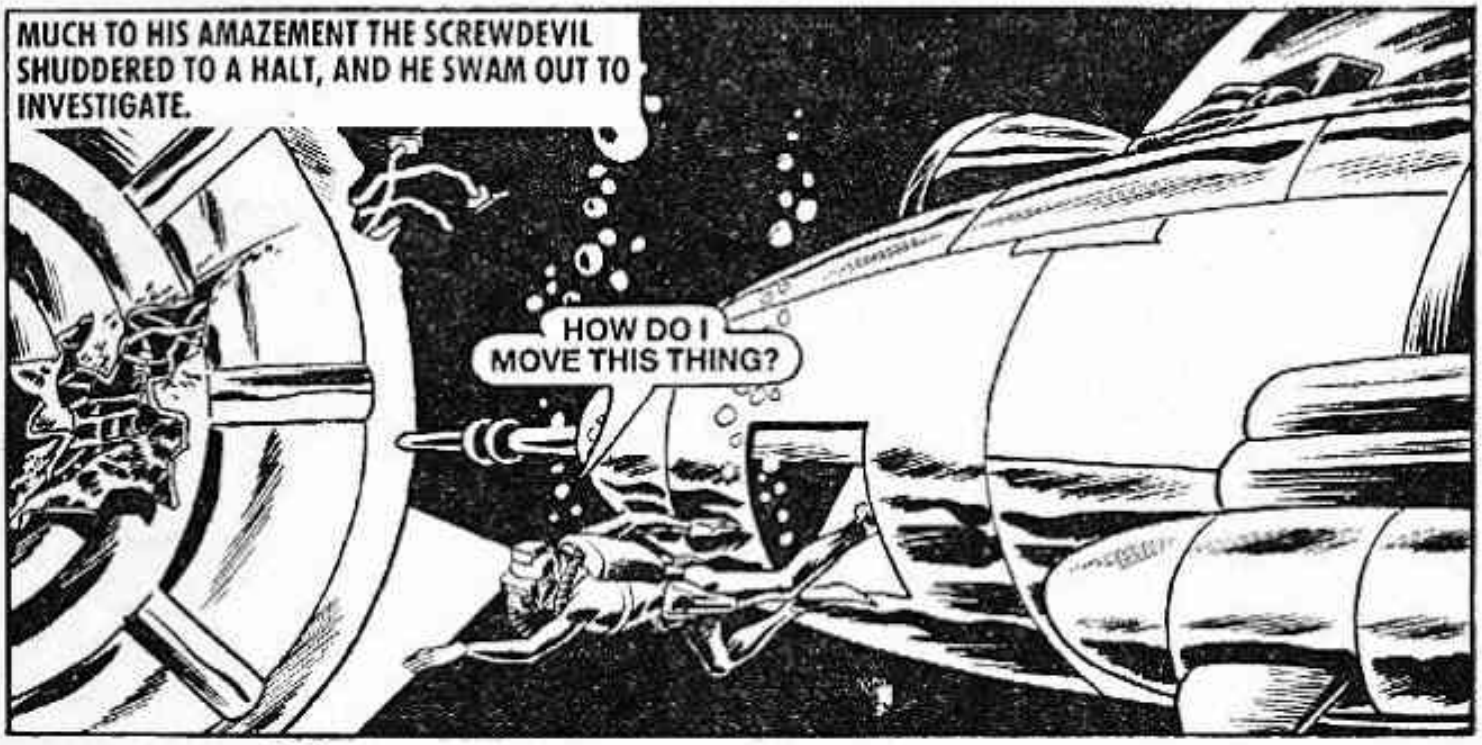


On sale at your newsagent's *NOW!*

The CYBORG CHASER

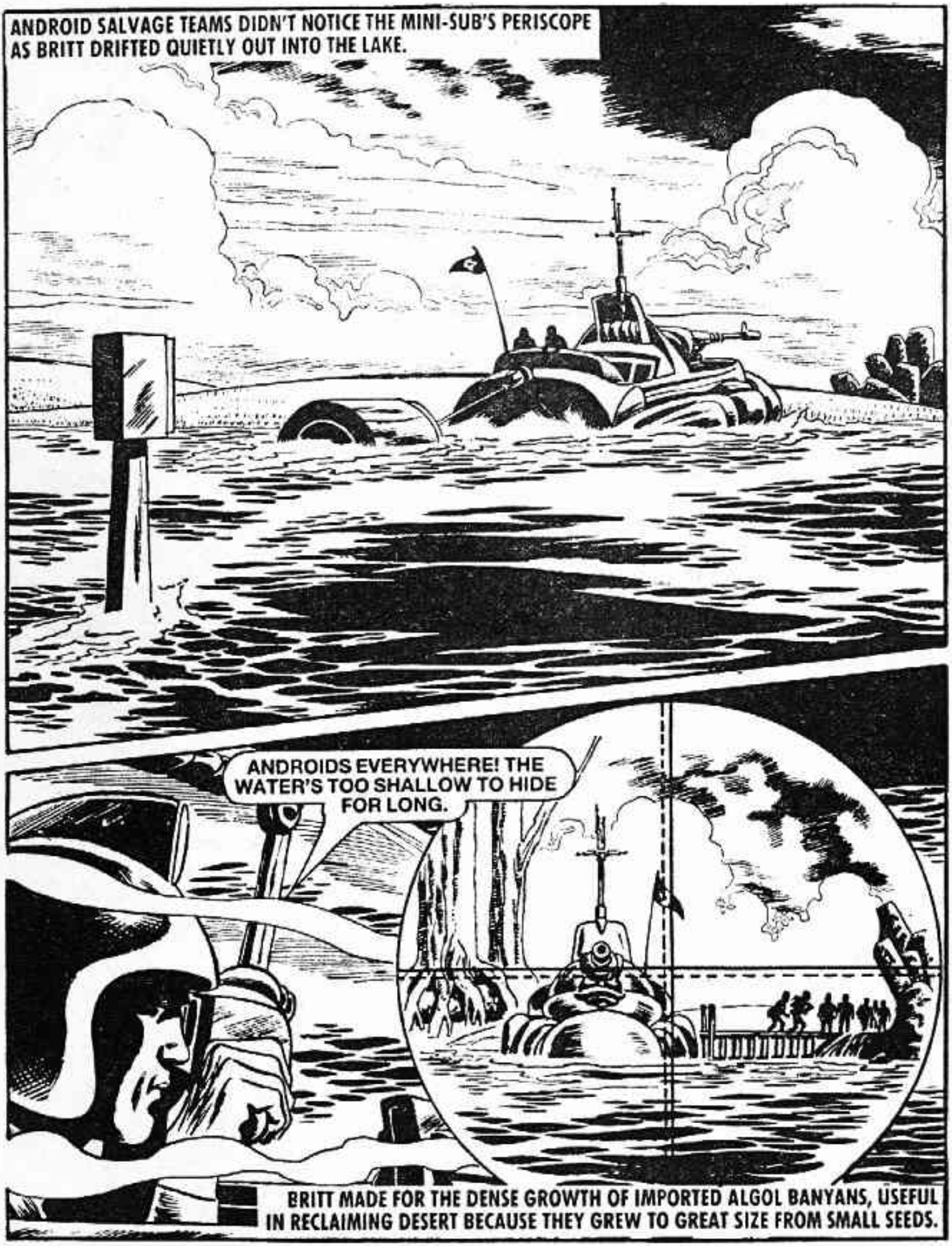
WITHIN 24 HOURS BRITT WAS ABOARD A MINISUB IN THE MEDITERRANEAN APPROACHING THE PIPELINES THAT CARRIED SEAWATER TO THE CORPORATION'S NEW OASIS IN THE AFRICAN DESERT.
THAT'S THE GRILLE BLOWN APART. NOW THE MINISUB WILL TAKE ME UNDER ANDROID CORPORATION TERRITORY.
A FEW HUNDRED MILES ALONG THE PIPELINE, BRITT SUDDENLY FACED GREAT DANGER.
IT'S A GIANT SCREWDEVIL, LIKE THEY USE TO CLEAN OIL PIPELINES!

BRITT FIRED AT THE SCREW MORE IN DESPERATION THAN WITH ANY HOPE OF SUCCESS.


MUCH TO HIS AMAZEMENT THE SCREWDEVIL SHUDDERED TO A HALT, AND HE SWAM OUT TO INVESTIGATE.
HOW DO I MOVE THIS THING?

WHEW . . . I WAS LUCKY. IT WOULD APPEAR THAT MY SHOT SIMPLY KNOCKED THE SCREWDEVIL INTO NEUTRAL.

BRITT MANAGED TO PUT THE MACHINE IN REVERSE—
NOW I'LL FOLLOW IT!
THE RETREATING SCREWDEVIL SMASHED THROUGH THE OASIS GRILLE WHERE THE WATER HAD BEEN USED TO FORM AN ARTIFICIAL LAKE.
WHAT? CALL OUT RESCUE SQUAD! A SCREWDEVIL HAS MALFUNCTIONED.
SPLASH!!


ANDROID SALVAGE TEAMS DIDN'T NOTICE THE MINI-SUB'S PERISCOPE AS BRITT DRIFTED QUIETLY OUT INTO THE LAKE.
ANDROIDS EVERYWHERE! THE WATER'S TOO SHALLOW TO HIDE FOR LONG.
BRITT MADE FOR THE DENSE GROWTH OF IMPORTED ALGOL BANYANS, USEFUL IN RECLAIMING DESERT BECAUSE THEY GREW TO GREAT SIZE FROM SMALL SEEDS.

BRITT FOUND SANCTUARY AMONG THE GIANT ROOTS AND WAITED FOR NIGHTFALL.
TIME FOR ME TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND.
NO SOONER WAS HE ASHORE—
STOP!
I'M SPOTTED! THEY MUST HAVE INFRA-RED EYES.

AS BRITT RAN, A GIANT SPACECRAFT ROSE INTO THE AIR AHEAD OF HIM.
THAT CRAFT MEANS THERE MUST BE A SPACEPORT AHEAD. A SECRET OPERATION IS IMPOSSIBLE NOW. PERHAPS I CAN GET ABOARD A CRAFT AND ESCAPE.
HE JINKED INTO A WAREHOUSE.
ALL THESE CONTAINERS HAVE THE SAME MARKINGS.
2433
2433
KILL HIM!
THEY DON'T WANT ME ALIVE!
BRITT WAS MORE THAN WORRIED — THE FIRST LAW OF ROBOTICS STATED THAT NO ANDROID SHOULD EVER ATTEMPT TO HARM A HUMAN.

A DEAD END! NOTHING ELSE FOR IT — I'M GOING TO HAVE TO FIGHT MY WAY OUT OF THIS.
2346
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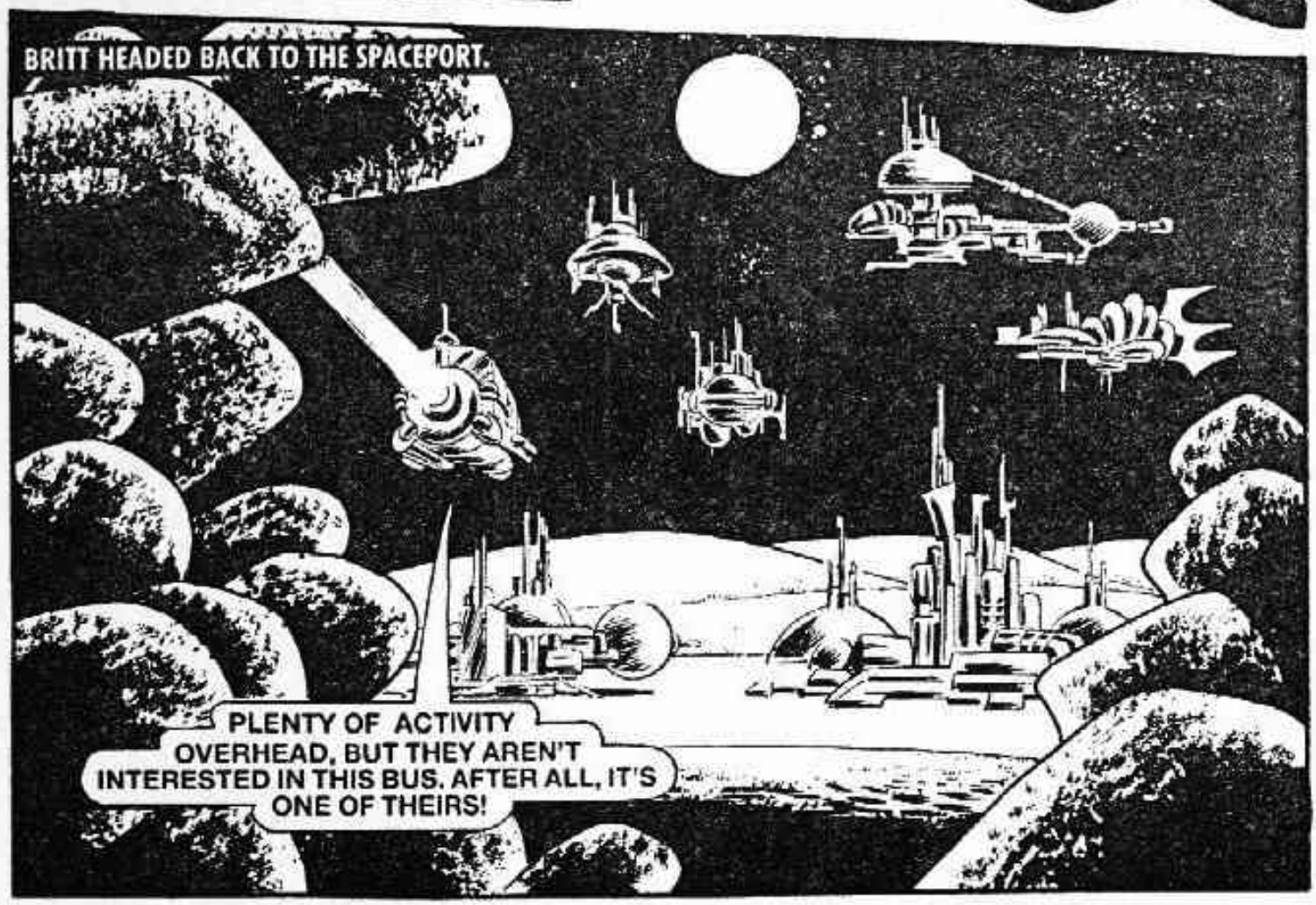
AN EXPLOSION RIPPED THROUGH THE WAREHOUSE.
FLAMING STARS! A RICOCHET MUST HAVE HIT SOMETHING PRETTY FIERCE IN THOSE CASES!

WHEN THE SMOKE HAD DRIFTED AWAY—
THIS IS A FRAGMENT OF A THERMITE GRENADE CASE. THAT'S A WEAPON OF WAR.
THE ANDROID CORPORATION HAD BUILT ITS SUCCESS BY SUPPLYING ROBOT AND ANDROID WORKERS FOR FACTORIES. NO ONE HAD HEARD OF THEM MAKING WEAPONS.
BRITT STUMBLED AWAY FROM THE SPACEPORT, — AND MADE A FRIGHTENING DISCOVERY.
DUROCONCRETE ! 10 FOOT THICK! IT'S A SILO OF THE TYPE USED TO HOUSE WARHEADS WITH SMALL ATOMIC PROPULSION MOTORS.

AND HERE ARE THE WARHEADS — ALL NEUTRON TYPES. THAT MEANS NO LASTING RADIATION! IF THEY WERE USED ALL LIFE WOULD DIE, BUT BUILDINGS AND MACHINERY WOULD REMAIN INTACT. JUPE-ANDROIDS ARE MACHINES! WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?
BRITT ARMED AND ACTIVATED ONE OF THE MISSILES.
THE ROCKET SHOULD BLOW IN HALF AN HOUR. IT'LL GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT WHILE I TRY TO ESCAPE.

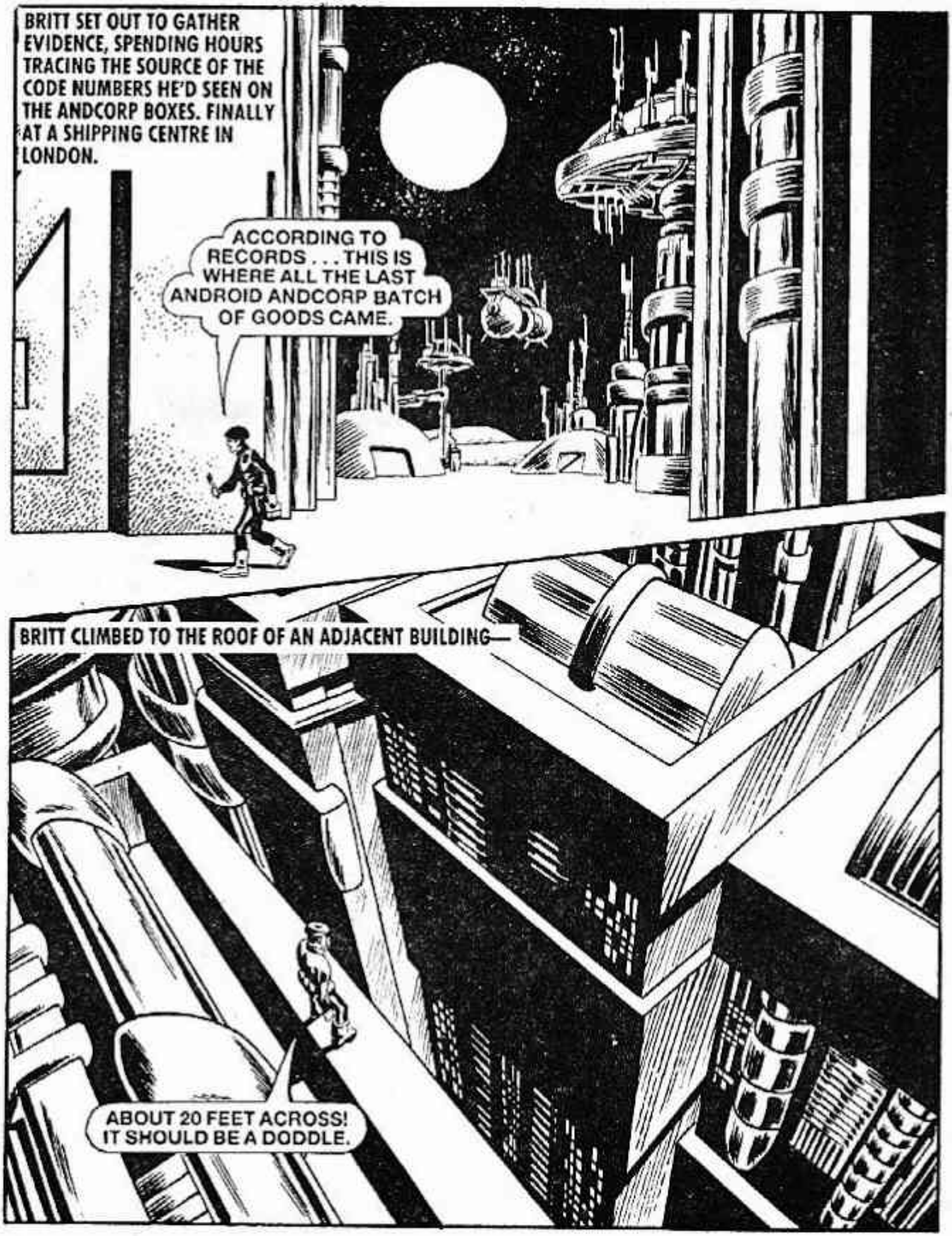
BRITT APPROACHED A HOV-TRUK.
ANDROIDS DON'T SLEEP. HE'S DE-ACTIVATED HIMSELF TO START AGAIN AT A SET TIME.
HE'LL WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED WHEN HE WAKES UP.


BRITT HEADED BACK TO THE SPACEPORT.
PLENTY OF ACTIVITY OVERHEAD, BUT THEY AREN'T INTERESTED IN THIS BUS. AFTER ALL, IT'S ONE OF THEIRS!

AT THE SPACEPORT. BRITT BOLDLY FLEW THE HOV-TRUK STRAIGHT UP TO A SPACEFREIGHTER.
HE CRASHED STRAIGHT INTO THE CARGO HOLD.
WELL, I RATHER MISJUDGED BRAKING AND LANDING, BUT I'M IN ONE PIECE. CLOSE THIS HATCH AND I'M IN WITH A CHANCE!

JUST AS BRITT REACHED THE CRAFT'S CONTROLS, THE ROCKET EXPLODED.
THAT WILL KEEP THEM BUSY FOR A WHILE . . . TOO BUSY FOR ANYONE TO NOTICE ME TAKING OFF.

BRITT WAS SOON BACK AT HQ. TO PLAN WITH HIS CHIEF, MASTERS.
. . . SO YOU THINK THEY PLAN A GOVERNMENT TAKE-OVER!
WITHOUT A DOUBT! BUT TO CONVINCE THE WORLD COUNCIL, I'LL NEED MORE THAN JUST MY WORD.

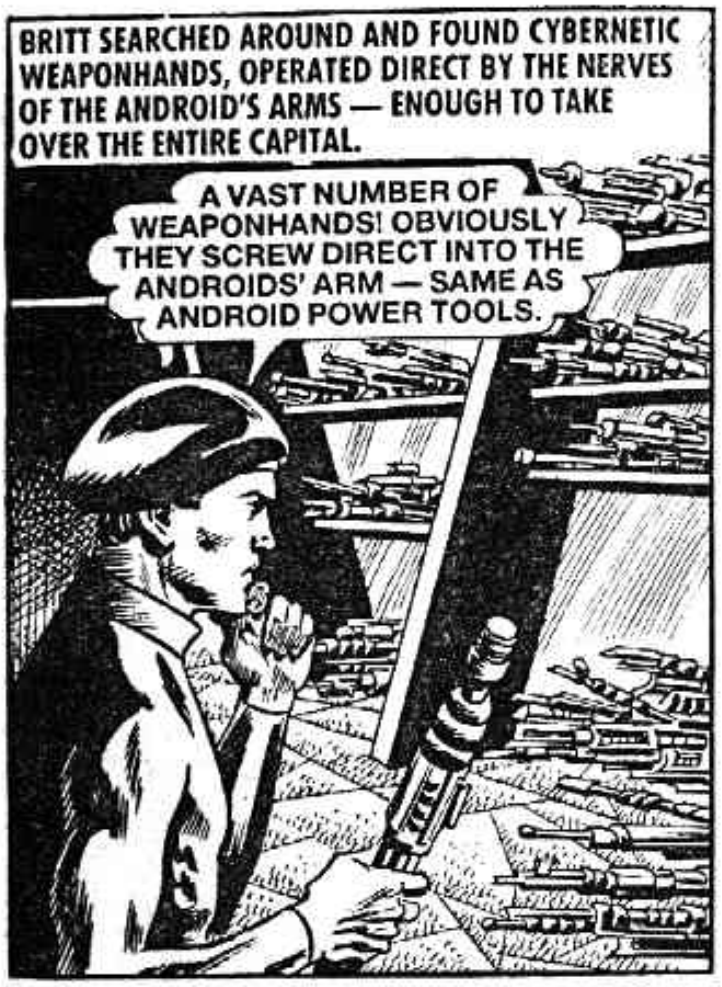

BRITT SET OUT TO GATHER EVIDENCE, SPENDING HOURS TRACING THE SOURCE OF THE CODE NUMBERS HE'D SEEN ON THE ANDCORP BOXES. FINALLY AT A SHIPPING CENTRE IN LONDON.
ACCORDING TO RECORDS . . . THIS IS WHERE ALL THE LAST ANDROID ANDCORP BATCH OF GOODS CAME.
BRITT CLIMBED TO THE ROOF OF AN ADJACENT BUILDING—
ABOUT 20 FEET ACROSS! IT SHOULD BE A DODDLE.

HIS POWER-BOOTS EASILY CARRIED BRITT ACROSS TO THE NEXT ROOF.
FIRST BURN A HOLE . . . THEN DROP IN!
BUT AS HE DROPPED IN—
AN ALARM . . . GOT TO MOVE FAST.
KLA NG!

BUT BRITT DIDN'T GET FAR—
NERVE GAS — TO STOP HUMANS. IT WON'T AFFECT THE ANDROIDS.
BRITT COLLAPSED. MUCH LATER ANDROIDS DISCOVERED HIM AND CARRIED HIM DOWN INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH.

WHEN BRITT CAME TO—
LOOKS LIKE THESE TWO BEAUTIES ARE OPENING THE FIREDOOR TO SOME KIND OF FURNACE. GUESS THEY MEAN TO MAKE IT HOT FOR ME!
IF I CAN JUST ACTIVATE MY POWERBOOTS . . . AH! DONE IT!

JETTING FORWARDS, BRITT THRUST AN ANDROID OFF-BALANCE INTO THE FURNACE.
SORRY, CHUM, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ON WITHOUT ME!
THE SURVIVING ANDROID GRABBED AT BRITT, ONLY TO GET THE POWERBOOTS BLAST FULL IN THE FACE. PLASTIC AND METAL WERE FUSED BY THE INTENSE HEAT.


BRITT SEARCHED AROUND AND FOUND CYBERNETIC WEAPONHANDS, OPERATED DIRECT BY THE NERVES OF THE ANDROID'S ARMS — ENOUGH TO TAKE OVER THE ENTIRE CAPITAL.
A VAST NUMBER OF WEAPONHANDS! OBVIOUSLY THEY SCREW DIRECT INTO THE ANDROIDS' ARM — SAME AS ANDROID POWER TOOLS.

I'LL BURN THESE WEAPONS BEFORE THE ANDROID CORPORATION CAN USE THEM AGAINST US!
THE CHARGES IN THE WEAPONHANDS CAUSED THE FURNACE TO OVERHEAT.

THEN—
THEY IGNORED ME! THESE ANDROIDS MUST BE UNDER AN OVER-RIDE FIREFIGHTING COMMAND. THEY CAN ONLY DO ONE THING AT A TIME.

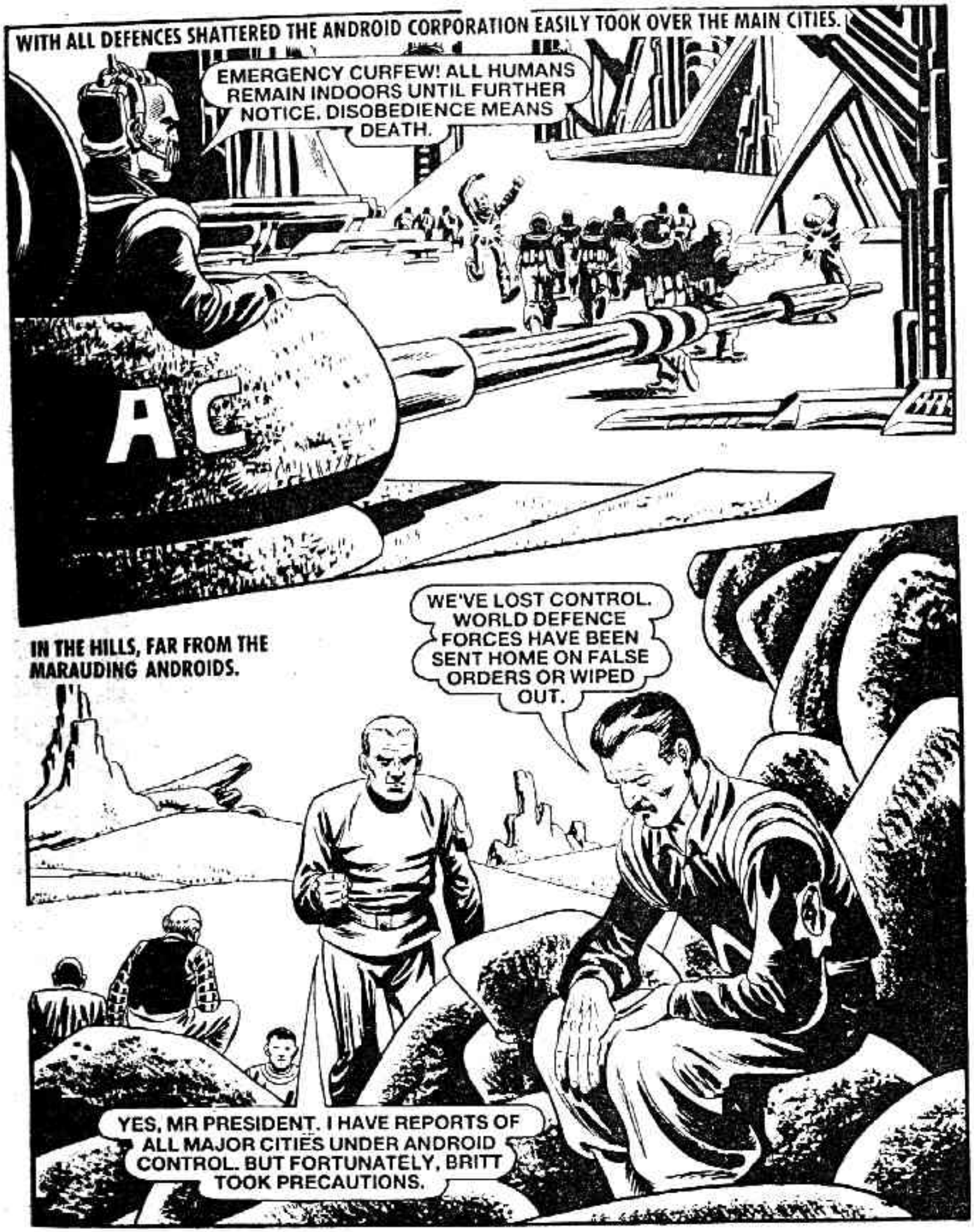
ONCE ON THE SURFACE, BRITT SUMMONED THE EMERGENCY SERVICES.
ALL THAT FOAM WILL PUT OUT THE FIRE BEFORE THE ANDROID WEAPONS ARE COMPLETELY DESTROYED, CHIEF.
PRECISELY! I WANT EVIDENCE!
THEY RETURNED TO HQ.
WE MUST HAVE EVIDENCE BEFORE THE NEXT WORLD COUNCIL MEETING.
THEN I WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THE FOUR AND CORP REPRESENTATIVES ON THE COUNCIL BEFORE WE CONFRONT THEM.

A LONG SEARCH BEGAN —
THIS ONE APPEARS OUT OF THE BLUE AT AGE 35. THEY'RE ALL THE SAME — NO BIRTH, MEDICAL OR EDUCATION RECORDS.
AGE ABOUT 40— FIRST RECORD OF SUBJECT FIVE YEARS AGO WHEN HE JOINED ANDCORP.
SO, SOMETHING STINKS . . .
AT THE WORLD COUNCIL MEETING ARRIGON, HEAD OF ANDCORP, WAS DEFIANT.
THAT WEAPONRY WAS PLANTED TO DISCREDIT ANDCORP! I DEMAND THE ARREST OF THE ACCUSER, BRITT.

BUT THE ARREST WAS THE OTHER WAY ROUND. BRITT'S PAINSTAKING SEARCH THROUGH RECORDS HAD TURNED UP THEIR REAL IDENTITIES . . . HARD CORE CRIMINALS GIVEN NEW IDENTITIES BY ANDCORP.
SORRY I'M LATE . . . UNDER SECTION 1 OF THE PENAL CODE, I WISH TO ARREST THE FOUR ANDCORP MEN FOR MURDER, DRUGRUNNING, CONSPIRACY AND TREASON.
DAYS LATER THE ANDROID CORPORATION HIT BACK WITH STUNNING SPEED, ATTACKING A JAIL TO RESCUE THEIR WORLD COUNCILLORS.

ARRIGON FOLLOWED THIS UP WITH A SUITABLE REVENGE ON THE REMAINDER OF THE WORLD COUNCIL.
DIE!

ONLY QUICK THINKING SAVED THE PRESIDENT.
MOVE!
WITH CENTRAL GOVERNMENT IN CHAOS, ARRIGON CAUSED FURTHER CONFUSION WITH THE ARMED FORCES BY TRANSMITTING FALSE MESSAGES.
I WANT MOST OF THE WORLD DEFENCE FORCES SENT HOME ON LEAVE. SEND MESSAGES TO ALL MILITARY COMMANDS VIA OUR SATELLITES.
A C
A FULL SCALE WAR DEVELOPED. WEAKENED WORLD DEFENCE FORCES WERE NO MATCH FOR THE ANDROID HORDES.


WITH ALL DEFENCES SHATTERED THE ANDROID CORPORATION EASILY TOOK OVER THE MAIN CITIES.
EMERGENCY CURFEW! ALL HUMANS REMAIN INDOORS UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. DISOBEDIENCE MEANS DEATH.
AC
IN THE HILLS, FAR FROM THE MARAUDING ANDROIDS.
WE'VE LOST CONTROL. WORLD DEFENCE FORCES HAVE BEEN SENT HOME ON FALSE ORDERS OR WIPED OUT.
YES, MR PRESIDENT. I HAVE REPORTS OF ALL MAJOR CITIES UNDER ANDROID CONTROL. BUT FORTUNATELY, BRITT TOOK PRECAUTIONS.

AS BRITT LED THE PRESIDENT TO SAFETY, THE ANDROIDS MOUNTED A FULL-SCALE SEARCH.
THE PRESIDENT IS IN THE HILLS . . . GET HIM.
BRITT HAD REALISED THE DANGER POSED BY ANDCORP AND HAD PREPARED AN ESCAPE BY HIDING A SHIP IN THE HILLS.
BEAM ON BOARD, MR PRESIDENT, AND WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE.

THE SPACE YACHT BLASTED OFF —
I MANAGED TO CRACK THE ANDROIDS' IDENTIFICATION CODES, AND BY TRANSMITTING THEM WE WILL GET PAST THE DEFENCE SYSTEM UNHARMED.
ANDROID CORPORATION HAD BUILT THE SATELLITE DEFENCE SYSTEM, AND IT WAS A FAIR GUESS THEY WOULD DESTROY ANY SHIP TRYING TO LEAVE EARTH.
WITHIN HIS AFRICAN HQ, ARRIGON RAGED —
IT'S EASY TO WORK OUT HOW THEY ESCAPED. THEY USED YOUR SHIP. INCOMPETENT CLOWNS!

NEAR THE LIMIT OF THE ANDROID CORPORATION SPACE SATELLITES' RANGE, THE ACTION BEGAN.
CODED MESSAGES ARE GOING TO ALL SATELLITES FROM A POINT IN MALAYA.
THE HASTILY-FITTED WEAPONS ON THE SPACE YACHT DESTROYED THE SATELLITES BEST-PLACED TO ATTACK.
17 SECONDS TO HYPER JUMP.
THEY'VE REALISED WHAT'S HAPPENED. OPEN FIRE!
SOME LASER BEAMS CAME DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO THE ARMED SPACEYACHT, FRACTIONS OF A SECOND BEFORE IT HYPER JUMPED.

OUT OF SATELLITE RANGE, THE FLIGHT CONTINUED TO CAMBO, THE ONLY COLONISED WORLD WITHIN FUEL RANGE FROM EARTH.
THEY LANDED —
ANDROID CORPORATION HAVE TAKEN OVER HERE AS WELL.

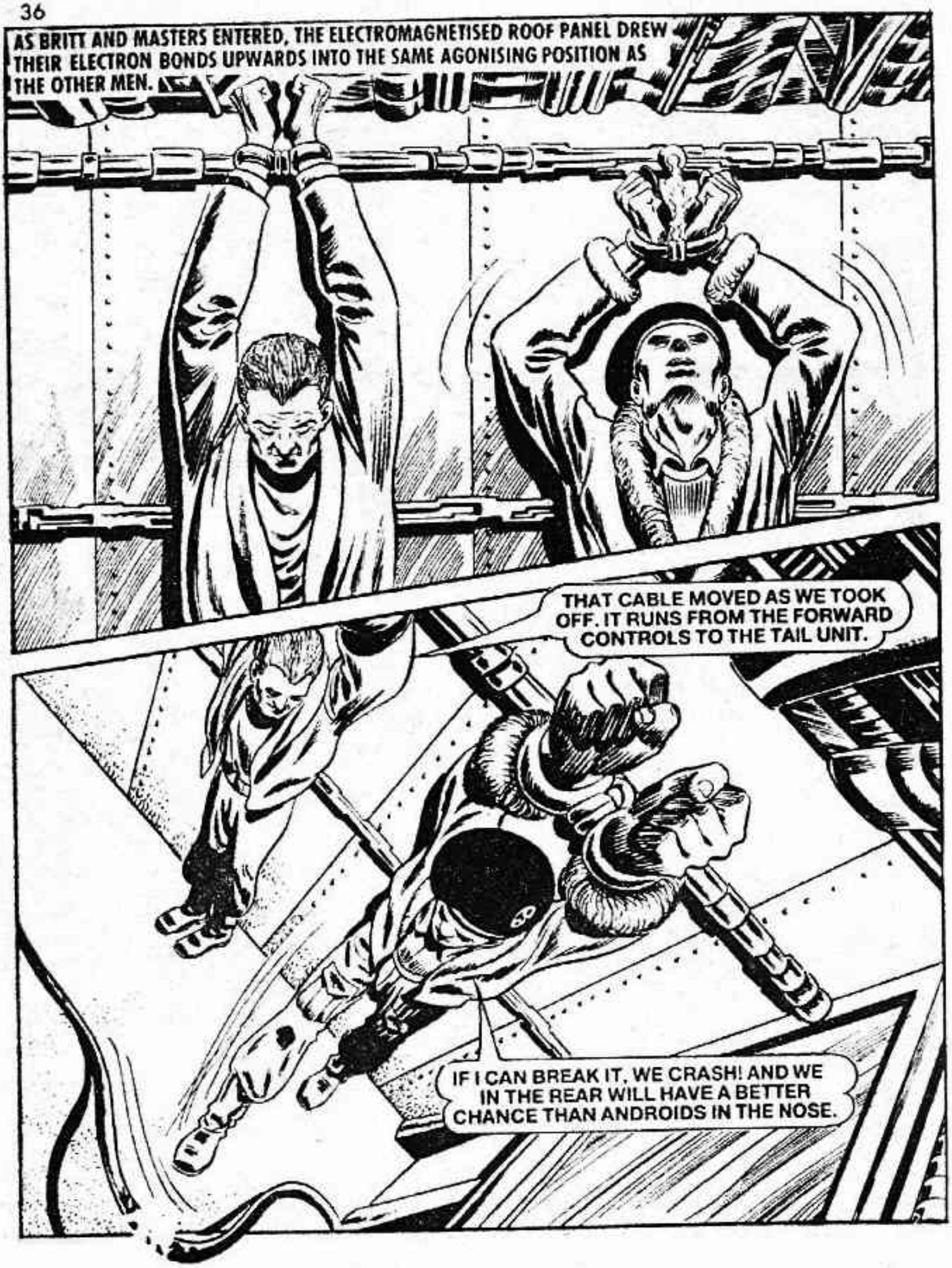
THE PRESIDENT IS INVITED TO TALK WITH THE CAMBO CITY COUNCIL.
NO! WE WILL TELL THE PRESIDENT WHAT YOU SAY.
DON'T GO, MR PRESIDENT. IT'S A TRAP. YOU'D NEVER REACH CAMBO CITY ALIVE.
WE WILL TAKE A MESSAGE FROM YOU TO THE COUNCIL, SIR.
IT WAS AGREED THE PRESIDENT SHOULD STAY ABOARD AND BLAST OFF AT THE LEAST SIGN OF TROUBLE.

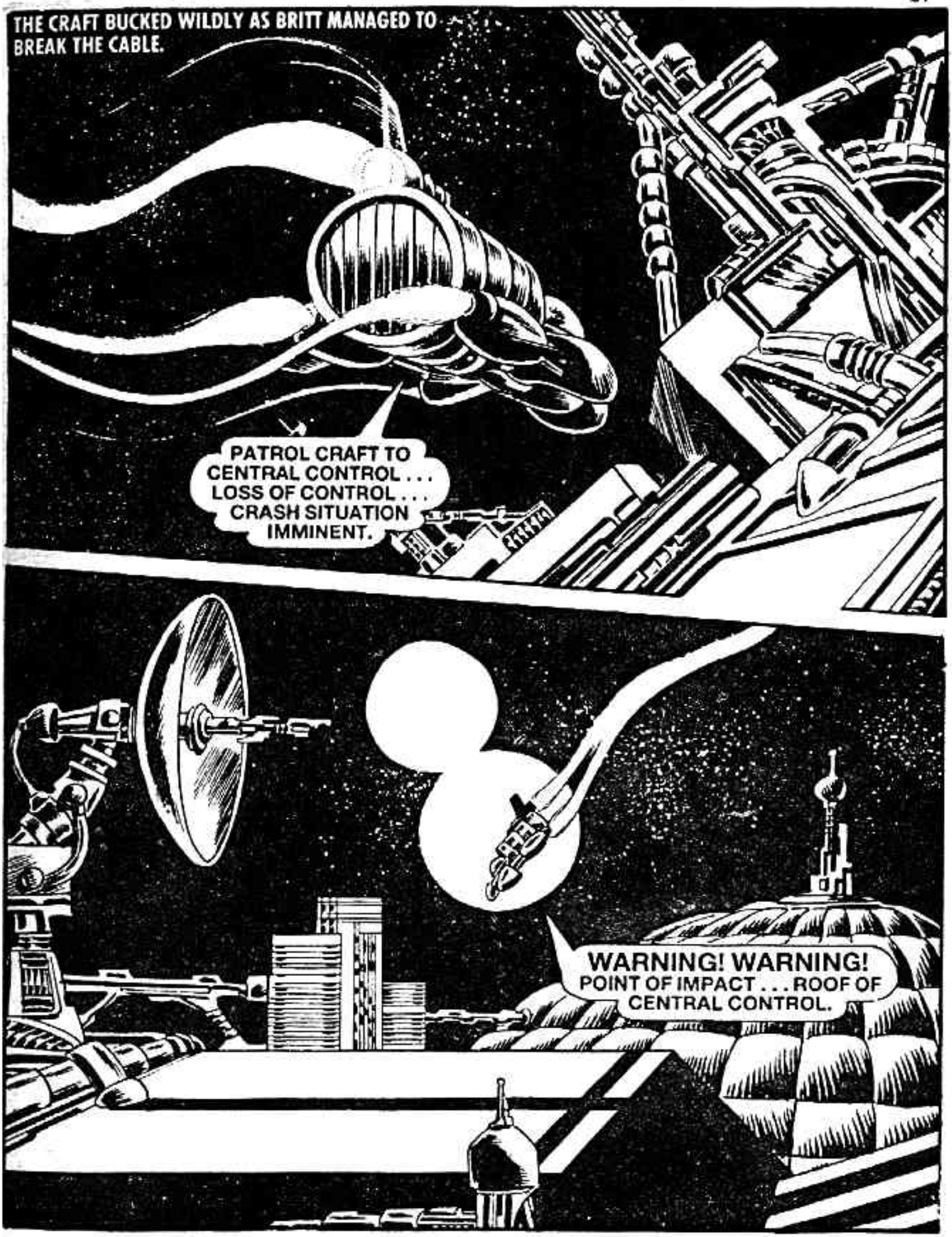
MASTERS AND BRITT WERE TAKEN BY HOV-CAR—
WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, HIT THE DROIDS.

SUDDENLY —
THIS IS IT!
I'M WITH YOU.

THE CRAFT PLOUGHED INTO LONG GRASS.
WE'LL HAVE TO USE THIS HOV-CAR TO OUTRUN THE ANDROIDS AND REACH CONTROL FIRST.
THE CAPTURED HOV-CAR FLEW ON.
THIS IS WHERE THE ODDS TURN AGAINST US — 30 MILES TO GO ACROSS OPEN COUNTRY.
AND IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, HERE COMES TROUBLE.
BUT THEY NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO ESCAPE —
NOW YOU GO TO ANDROID CORPORATION CENTRAL!
FINE! WE WANTED TO GET THERE ANYWAY.

IF WE COULD KNOCK OUT CENTRAL CONTROL THE ANDROIDS WOULD HAVE TO TRY AND ACT INDEPENDENTLY.
AND IN A CONFUSED STRUGGLE, MEN WOULD HAVE A BETTER CHANCE!
THESE MEN ARE ALL CAPTURED SABOTEURS YOU ALL GO FOR INTERROGATION.


AS BRITT AND MASTERS ENTERED, THE ELECTROMAGNETISED ROOF PANEL DREW THEIR ELECTRON BONDS UPWARDS INTO THE SAME AGONISING POSITION AS THE OTHER MEN.
THAT CABLE MOVED AS WE TOOK OFF. IT RUNS FROM THE FORWARD CONTROLS TO THE TAIL UNIT.
IF I CAN BREAK IT, WE CRASH! AND WE IN THE REAR WILL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE THAN ANDROIDS IN THE NOSE.

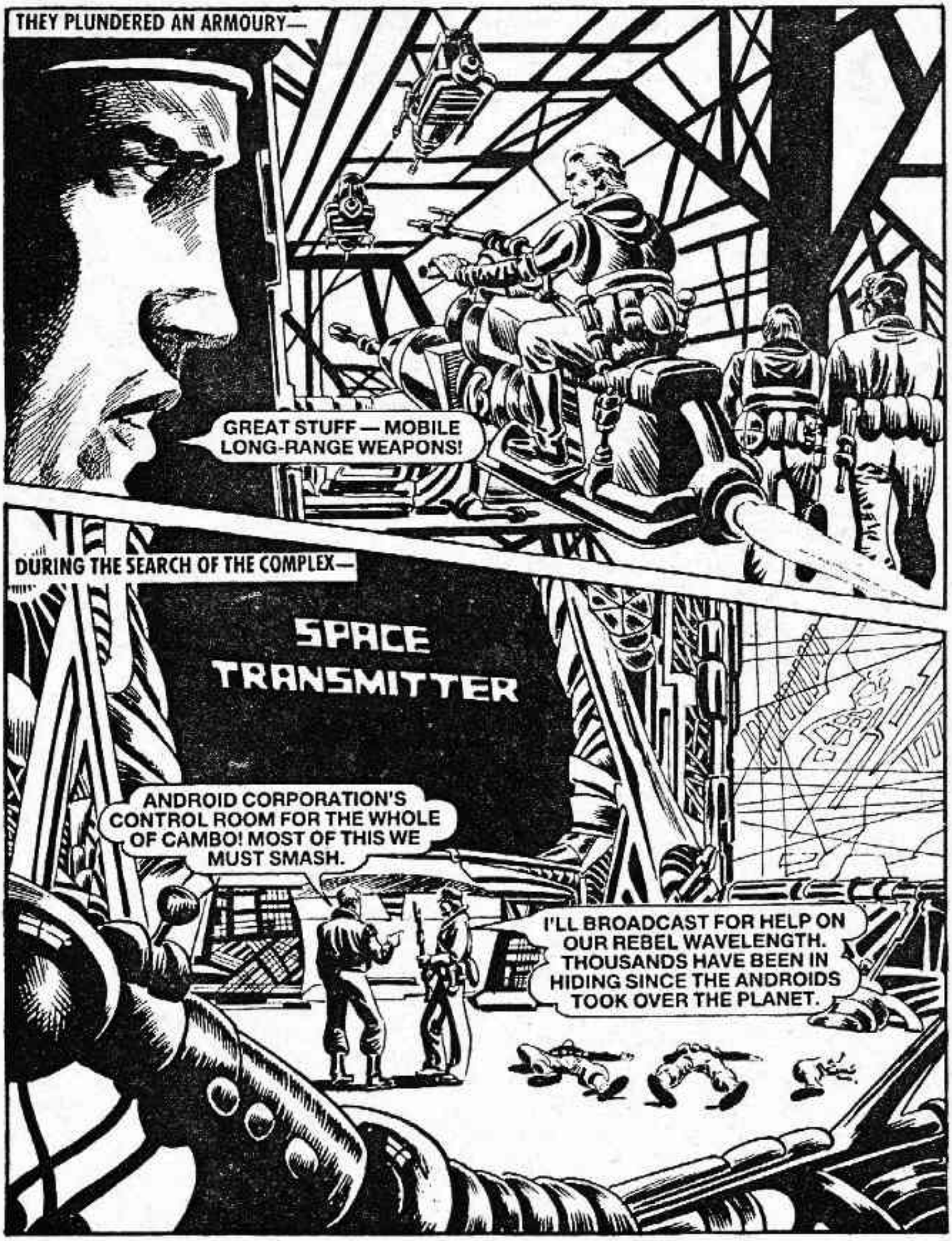

THE CRAFT BUCKED WILDLY AS BRITT MANAGED TO BREAK THE CABLE.
PATROL CRAFT TO CENTRAL CONTROL . . . LOSS OF CONTROL . . . CRASH SITUATION IMMINENT.
WARNING! WARNING! POINT OF IMPACT . . . ROOF OF CENTRAL CONTROL.

THE FLIER STRUCK, BOUNCED TWICE, AND THE NOSE WAS SMASHED IN.

IT WORKED! THE ANDROIDS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED AND THE CRASH CUT THE ELECTROMAGNETIC CHARGE. WE'RE FREE!

SEARCHING FRANTICALLY AMONG SMASHED ANDROID BODIES, MEN FOUND THE ELECTRON BOND DE-ENERGISER AND WEAPONS.
NOW IT'S TIME TO HIT BACK.

FIRST TASK — SMASH THIS SPACEDISH, MEN! NO AERIAL, NO ANDCORP INSTRUCTIONS FROM EARTH!
THE EARTH MEN POURED INTO ANDCORP CENTRAL—
NOW WE'RE REALLY CYBORG CHASERS.

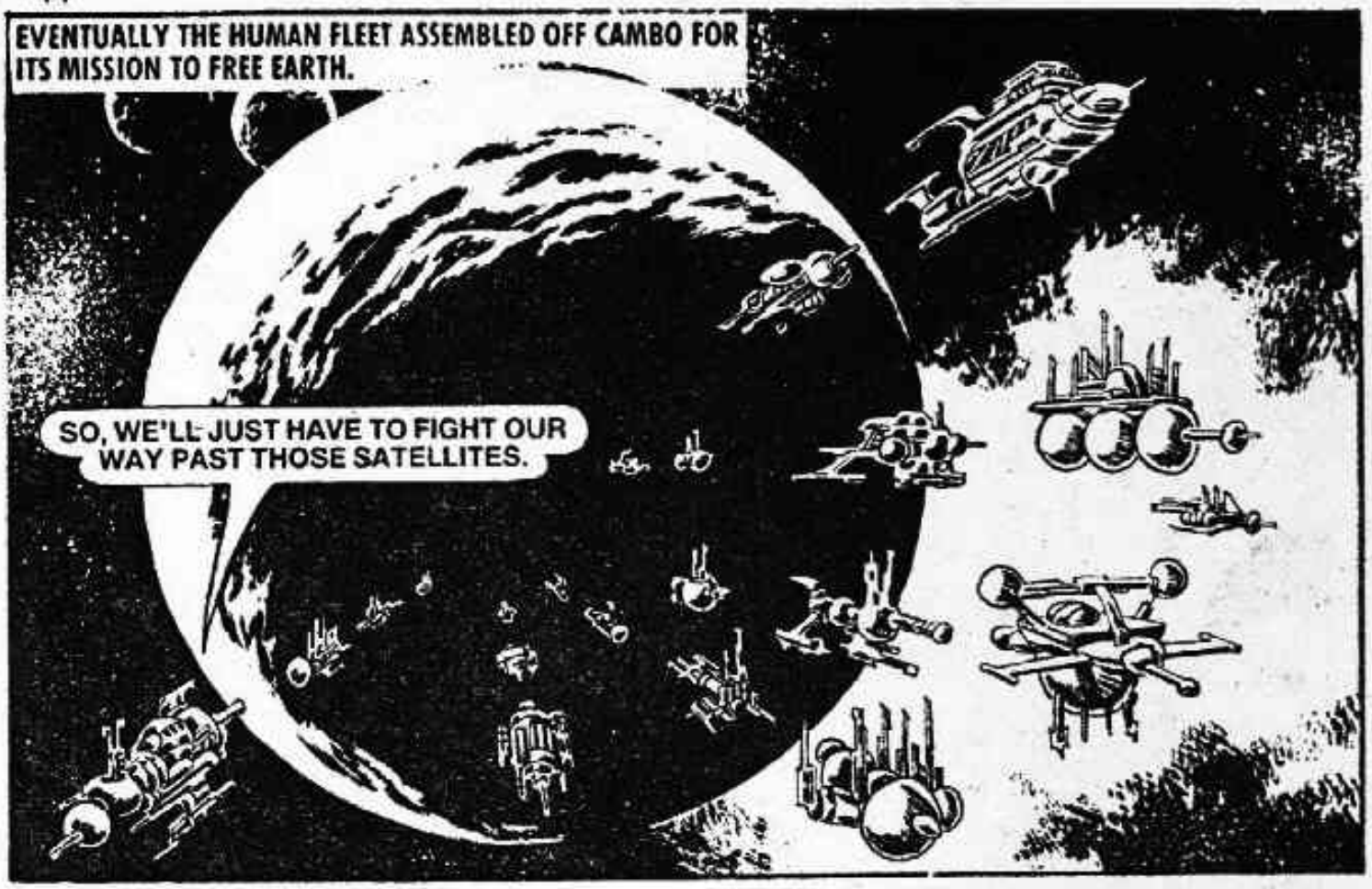

THEY PLUNDERED AN ARMOURY—
GREAT STUFF — MOBILE LONG-RANGE WEAPONS!
DURING THE SEARCH OF THE COMPLEX—
SPACE TRANSMITTER
ANDROID CORPORATION'S CONTROL ROOM FOR THE WHOLE OF CAMBO! MOST OF THIS WE MUST SMASH.
I'LL BROADCAST FOR HELP ON OUR REBEL WAVELENGTH. THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN IN HIDING SINCE THE ANDROIDS TOOK OVER THE PLANET.

THE ANDORIDS REGROUPED AND ATTACKED—
THE HUMANS HAVE LONG-RANGE RAYGUNS — RETREAT!

WE MUST HOLD CENTRAL UNTIL HELP ARRIVES.
THE DESTRUCTION OF CENTRAL CONTROL HAS DEFINITELY AFFECTED THE ANDROIDS. THEY LACK ANY REAL LEADERSHIP.

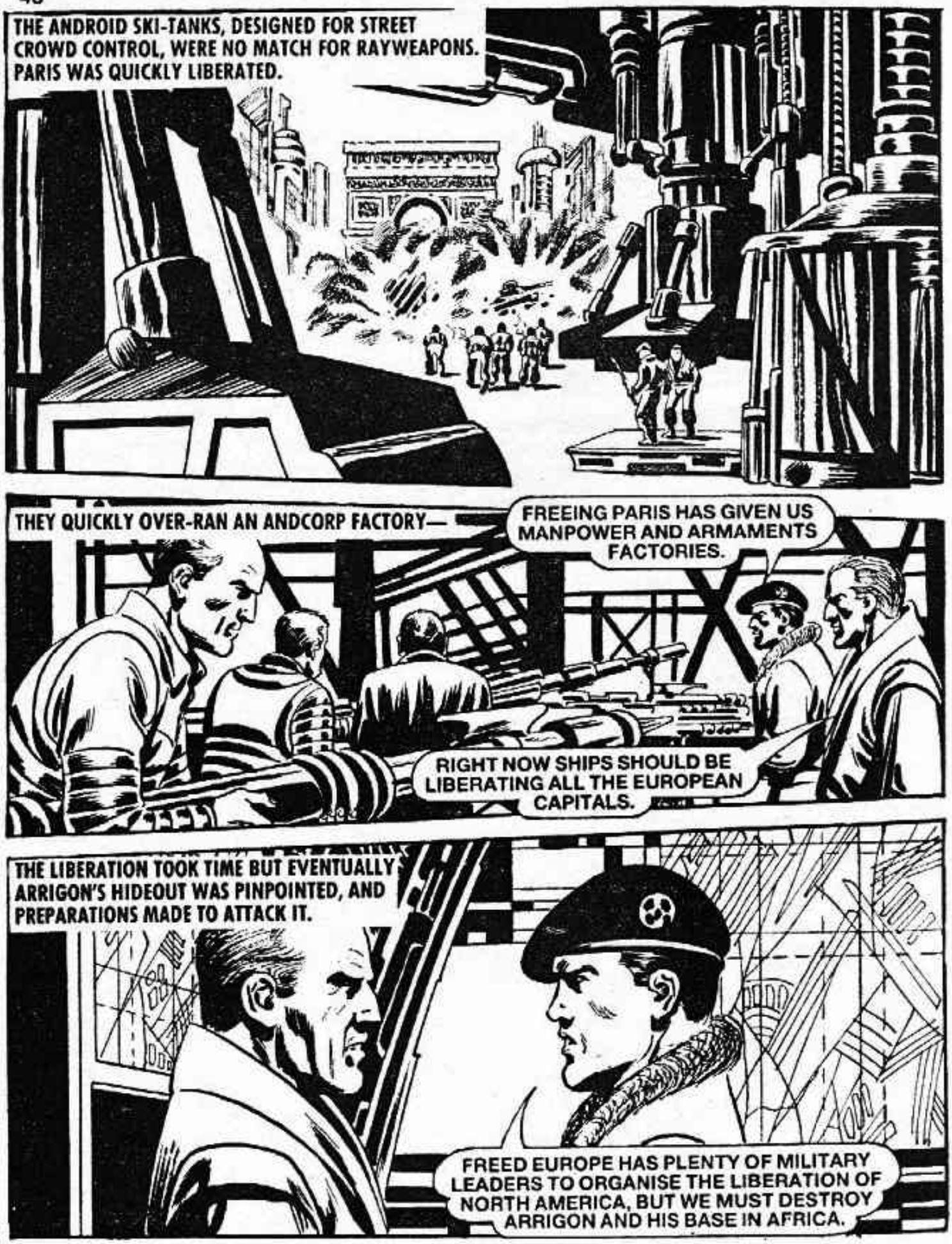
THE BROADCAST HAD BEEN HEARD. RISING FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES, THOUSANDS OF MEN THREW THEMSELVES INTO ATTACK—
WE SHOULD ORGANISE AN ATTACK ON EARTH BEFORE ARRIGON CAN ATTACK US.
NOW THAT WE'VE GAINED CONTROL HERE, WHAT NEXT?
SPACEFREIGHTERS HERE CAN CARRY SEVERAL THOUSAND MEN.

WHILE THE RAID ON EARTH WAS BEING PLOTTED, ARRIGON BECAME INCREASINGLY ANGRY.
STILL NO CONTACT FROM CAMBO. THAT WORLD IS LOST TO US. THEY'LL TRY TO ATTACK US.
LET THEM TRY!
ON CAMBO, MASTERS AND BRITT DISCUSSED THE SATELLITE PROBLEM.
WE BLUFFED ONE SHIP PAST THE SATELLITES, BUT IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO DO THE SAME WITH A WHOLE FLEET.
WE COULD AT LEAST FIT SPACE LASERS ON THESE FREIGHTERS, TO GIVE US AN EVEN CHANCE.


EVENTUALLY THE HUMAN FLEET ASSEMBLED OFF CAMBO FOR ITS MISSION TO FREE EARTH.
SO, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO FIGHT OUR WAY PAST THOSE SATELLITES.

THE INVASION SHIPS HALTED JUST OUTSIDE SATELLITE RANGE AND LAUNCHED THEIR LIFECRAFT, WHICH CONTAINED ONLY SPACE LASERS AND AUTOMATIC CONTROLS.

A FIERCE BATTLE OF EXTERMINATION BROKE OUT.
ALL THE SATELLITES HAVE BEEN DESTROYED! THE WAY IS CLEAR! FIRST STOP — PARIS.


THE ANDROID SKI-TANKS, DESIGNED FOR STREET CROWD CONTROL, WERE NO MATCH FOR RAYWEAPONS. PARIS WAS QUICKLY LIBERATED.
THEY QUICKLY OVER-RAN AN ANDCORP FACTORY—
FREEING PARIS HAS GIVEN US MANPOWER AND ARMAMENTS FACTORIES.
RIGHT NOW SHIPS SHOULD BE LIBERATING ALL THE EUROPEAN CAPITALS.
THE LIBERATION TOOK TIME BUT EVENTUALLY ARRIGON'S HIDEOUT WAS PINPOINTED, AND PREPARATIONS MADE TO ATTACK IT.
FREED EUROPE HAS PLENTY OF MILITARY LEADERS TO ORGANISE THE LIBERATION OF NORTH AMERICA, BUT WE MUST DESTROY ARRIGON AND HIS BASE IN AFRICA.

A SQUAD WAS ASSEMBLED—
YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO USE ANDROID WEAPONS AGAINST ARRIGON?
THEY DID WELL ENOUGH IN THE CAMBO SKIRMISHES.
IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE, THE HOVERBIKES PROVED THEIR MOBILITY.
MASTERS CHOSE WELL. THESE MACHINES ARE IDEAL FOR MOVING THROUGH JUNGLE.

I DON'T BELIEVE A FORCE THIS SIZE CAN MOVE ANY FURTHER WITHOUT BEING DETECTED.
TWO OF US WILL GO FORWARD! LEARN WHAT WE CAN.
YOU STAY HERE! I'LL REPORT BACK AT INTERVALS. IF YOU DON'T HERE FROM ME IN HALF AN HOUR, ASSUME I'M A GONER!

GREAT DENDRA! WHAT'S THAT INFERNAL MECHANICAL DIN? AND THERE'S A SOUND LIKE TREE TRUNKS SNAPPING.

BRITT, FOLLOWING THE NOISE, CAME ACROSS A SWATHE OF DESTRUCTION MADE BY AN IMMENSE MACHINE.
WHAT ON EARTH!!!?
AC

THE OUTSIZE BULLDOZER TANK SENSED BRITT'S PRESENCE AND FIRED A SONIC ROUND TOWARDS HIM.
AC
JUPE! IT'S GOT A BODY SENSOR!

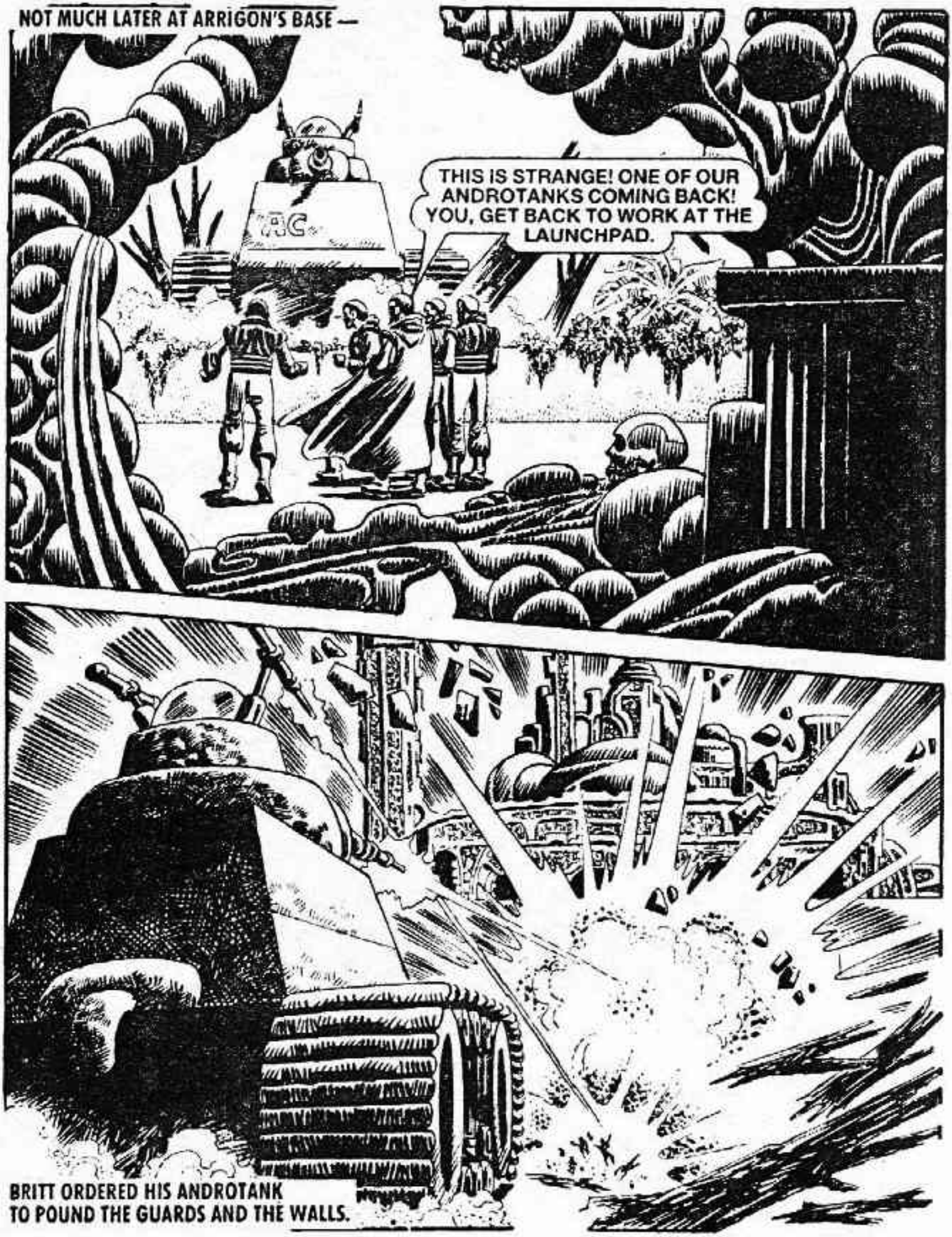
AS THE MACHINE APPROACHED TO VERIFY A KILL, BRITT, STILL SEMI-CONCUSSED, HURLED A THERMITE GRENADE.
THIS IS THE BIGGEST CHARGE I HAVE . . . I CAN DO NO MORE!

WHUMP!
BIG AS THEY ARE, THESE THINGS CAN BE DESTROYED.
WHAT!!? HOW IN SPACE CAN A KNOCKED-OUT MACHINE OPERATE, AIM AND FIRE?

BRITT CIRCLED CAUTIOUSLY, CLIMBED INTO THE DOME FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE, AND RAISED THE TANK'S FLOOR BASEPLATE—
JUPE . . . A HEAD!
IT WAS AN ANDROTANK.

BRITT REPORTED BACK TO MASTERS.
ENORMOUS TANKS WITH SONIC WEAPONS. AIM LOW AND CENTRAL. IGNORE THE TANK'S WEAPONS — GET ITS BRAIN.
BRITT STUMBLED UPON ARRIGON'S RESERVE FORCE, DEACTIVATED, BUT READY FOR USE.
AC
AC
MORE OF THEM?
BRITT SILENTLY ENTERED A TANK.
NOW YOU DO EXACTLY AS I SAY, ANDROID, OR I'LL TERMINATE YOU!

NOT MUCH LATER AT ARRIGON'S BASE —



BRITT PUT PAID TO ALL THE GUARDS AND HALF OF ARRIGON'S FORTRESS.
YOU'VE GOT A VISITOR, ARRIGON! I'M COMING IN!
BRITT DROVE THE ANDROTANK AS FAR AS IT WOULD GO INTO THE FORTRESS, THEN REPORTED BACK TO MASTERS.
MASTERS, ATTACK NOW! RESERVE ANDROTANKS AND ALL GUARDS DESTROYED.

MASTERS MADE CONTACT WITH THE ANDROID FORCE. THE HOVERBIKES, FAST AND MANOEUVRABLE, SURPRISED THE OPPOSITION.
HIT THEM HARD!
WE'VE BEATEN THEM!

THE FLEEING REMNANTS OF ARRIGON'S ARMOUR FORMED A LAST LINE OF DEFENCE, BUT WERE CUT TO PIECES.
BRITT WAS STILL SEARCHING FOR ARRIGON.
ARRIGON COULD BE BURIED UNDER THE RUINS OF HIS STRONGHOLD, BUT THIS IS THE ONLY BUILDING LEFT, SO I OUGHT TO SEARCH IT.

THERE WAS AN ESCAPE SHIP PARKED AT THE SIDE ENTRANCE.
THE RATS ARE READY TO ABANDON THE SINKING SHIP!
THIS IS A SMALL DISGUISED LAUNCHPAD!
FAR BELOW —
SELF GUIDED CARRIER ROCKETS READY FOR RELEASE!
THIS CAN'T FAIL. EVEN IF THESE LITTLE ROCKETS ARE INTERCEPTED, SOME VIRUSES WILL FALL TO EARTH.

THE DISEASES WILL KILL MOST PEOPLE AND OUR ANDROIDS WILL COPE WITH THE FEW SURVIVORS.
ONCE THE ROCKETS ARE LAUNCHED, MANKIND IS DOOMED, AND WE WILL INHERIT THE EARTH!
BRITT HEARD THE WHOLE CONVERSATION AND REACTED BY USING ALL HIS REMAINING GRENADES.
THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO STERILISE THESE PLAGUE GERMS — AND AN END TO ARRIGON'S RATPACK!

BUT ARRIGON HAD GOT CLEAR JUST BEFORE THE GRENADES EXPLODED.
I JUST TAKE OFF AND HIDE UNTIL THE DEATH PLAGUES HAVE DONE THEIR WORK. THEN I'LL RULE ALONE!
DEATH AND DAMNATION! I'M TOO LATE!

ARRIGON SOUGHT SHELTER IN THE CONCEALED LAUNCHPAD BUILDING. THERE WAS REALLY NOTHING ELSE HE COULD DO.
YOU AGAIN, CYBORG CHASER! RUINING MY PLANS!
I HOPED I HAD EXTERMINATED YOU, RATKING!

IN THE LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE, THE BEAM FROM ARRIGON'S WEAPON WENT THROUGH THE ROOF —
— AND THE BEAM CLIPPED A HOVERMAN'S SHOULDER. HE, ASSUMING RESISTANCE BELOW, BLASTED THE LAUNCH SHAFT.

THE SHAFT CRASHED DOWN, SHATTERING HALF THE BUILDING.
INSIDE, BRITT WAS BURIED IN RUBBLE, WHILE ARRIGON FLED FROM THE FALLING ROOF.
HA! NOW I ESCAPE!

ARRIGON REACHED THE STAIRCASE, ONLY TO BE HIT BY FALLING MASONRY.
WITH A DESPAIRING SHRIEK, ARRIGON FELL INTO THE STILL WHITE-HOT PIT WHERE HIS DIRECTORS HAD BURNED.
NOOOO!

AS THE RUBBLE WAS BEING SEARCHED . . .
THEY MUST BE HERE AND WE HAVE TO FIND THEM.
A BIO-DETECTOR FOUND BRITT —
ARRIGON IS DEAD!
THEN THE MENACE IS OVER! BRITT IS ALIVE . . . JUST.

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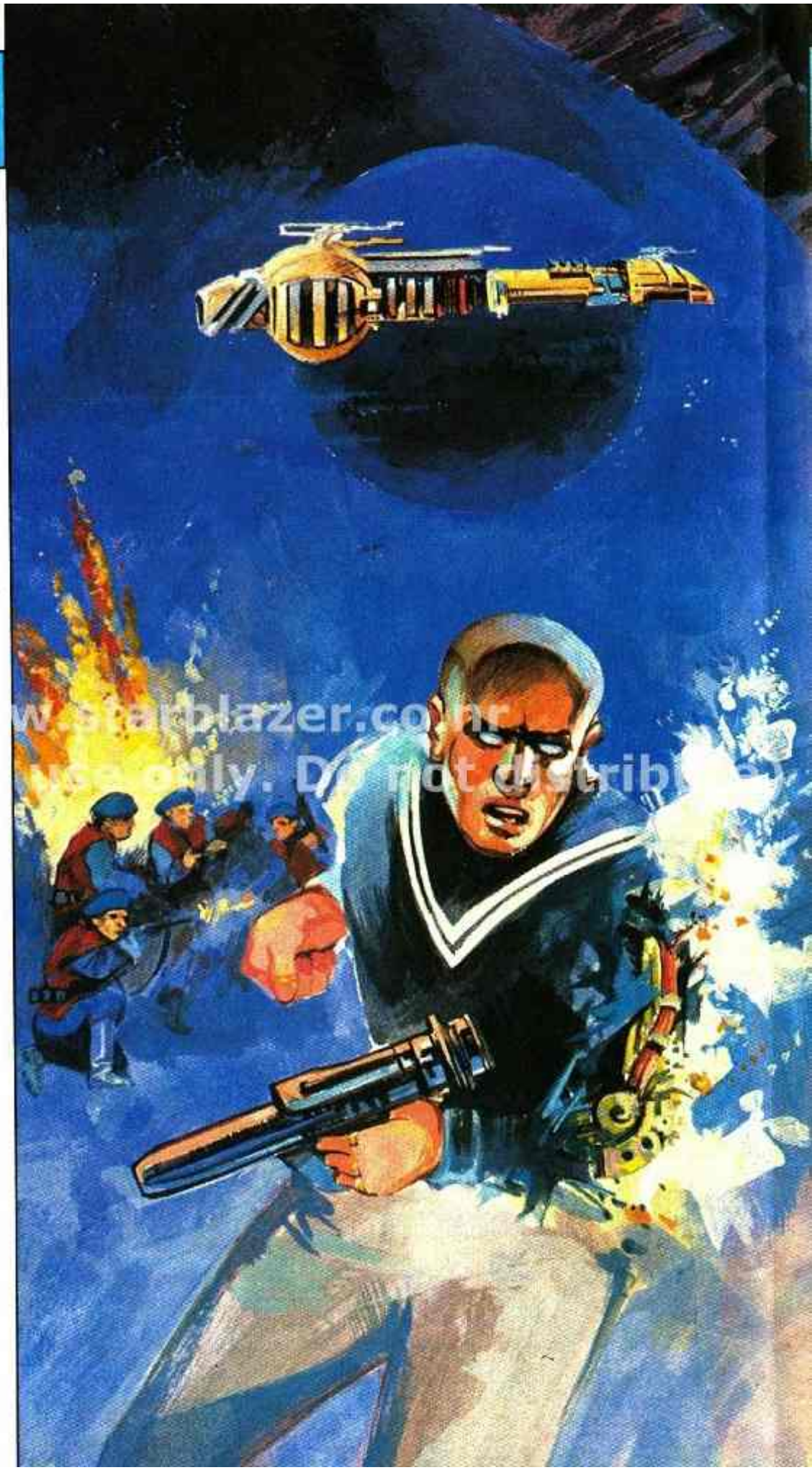
THE CYBORG CHASER

IT WAS 2086 A.D., AND EARTH WAS IN THE GRIP OF A DROUGHT. ONLY ANDROIDS AND CYBORGS COULD WORK IN THE INTENSE HEAT WHILE HUMANS STAYED IN THEIR CONTROLLED AREAS. THE COMPANIES THAT MANUFACTURED CYBORGS GREW MORE POWERFUL, UNTIL THEY ALL BUT RULED THE WORLD. FACED BY SECRECY, WORLD INTELLIGENCE DECIDED TO PENETRATE THE LARGEST FIRM, CYBORG CORPORATION, AND THEY SENT IN BRITT THE COMMANDO, A ONE MANY ARMY, A CYBORG CHASER.



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